

CHILDREN'S BOOK COLLECTION LIBRARY OF THE CUNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES LOS ANGELES CHIPPED AND CALIFORNIA CHIPPED CALIFORNIA CHIPPED

LIFE 2-87-14

OF

JACK SPRAT, His Wife, & Cat.



This one ear'd Cat, Belongs to Jack Sprat. Batchelar, Printer, 115, Long Alley

Pinsbury Square, London.



Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both,
They lick d the platter clean.
Jack ent all the fan,
Joan eat all the fat,
The bone they picked clean,
Then gave it to the cat.



He dreised very smart,
He courted Joan Cole,
And he gained her heart;
In his fine leather doublet,
And old greasy hat,
O what a smart fellow
Was little Jack Sorat.



In her petticout,
Jack Sprat to get a patch
Gave her a groat.
The groat bought a patch,
Which Ropped Joan's hole,

I thank you, Jack Sprat, Says little Joan Cyle.



Jack Sprat was the bridegroom
Joan Cole was the bride,
Jack said from the church
His Joan home should ride;
But no coach could take her,

The lane was so narrow, Said Jack then I'll take her

Home in a wheelbarrow.



His wife by a ditch,
The barrow turn'd over,
And in she did pitch;
Says Jack, she'll be drown'd,
But Joan did reply,

I don't think I shall, and For the ditch is quite dry.



Jack brought home his Joan,
And she sat in a chair,
When in came his cat,
That had got but one ear.
Says Joan, I'm come home, puss
Pray how do you do?
The cat wagg'd ber tail,
And said nothing but mew.

A town that I steel I



And went to the brook,
He shot at the drake,
But he killed the duck;
He brought it to Joan,
Who a fire did make,
To roaft the fat duck
While Jack went for the drake



With his curly tail,
Jack Sprat came to shoot him,
But happened to fail.
He let off his gun,
But missing his mark
The drake flew away,

Crying, quack, quack, duack,



Now hought him a pig,
It was not very little.
Nor yet very big.
It was not very lean,
It was not very fat,
It will serve for a grunter,
For little Jack Sprat.

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To buy her some fowls, and She bought a jackdaw, will And a couple of owls of row The owls they were white, The jackdaw was breed, and Says lattle Joan Sprate.



Jack Sprat bought a cow,
His Joan for to please,
For Joan she could make
Both butter and cheese;
Or paneakes or puddings,
Without any fat,
A cotable housewife
Was little Joan Sprat.



A barrel of ale, 1992 fool.
She put in some hops, 50.2.
That it might not turn ftale.
But as for the malt, 50.6.
She forgot to put that,

She forgot to put that, This is brave sober liquor, Said little Jack Sprat.



Jack Sprat went to market
And bought him a mare,
She was lame of three legs,
And as blind as she could
diare;

Her ribs they were bare, and For the mare had no fit, She look'd like a racer, Says little Jack Sprat.



Jack and Joan went abroad,
Puss took care of the house,
She caught a large rat,
And a very small mouse.
She caught a small mouse,
And a very large rat,
You're an excellent hunter,
Says little Jack Sprat,



Now I have told you the flory Of little Jack Sprat, Of little Joan Cole;

And the poor one-ear'd cat: Now Jack has got rich,

And has plenty of pelf,

You may tell it yourself.

. The Street



